GNOSIS: APOCRYPHON 6/12

And so it was with these, for Saklas shaped
His schemes inchoate memory
Of what he had experienced in the womb
Of intimated real. And when he saw
The world he had created all laid out,
And gazed upon the panoply which he
Had spun, enveloping his nakedness,
His tongue clapped in his bell, and said: 'I am
A jealous God. There is no God But me.'
And so in his stupidity He gave
The game away, and told his friends there was
A Being Supreme who spurned divinity
To justify an insane jealousy.
The Mother then became aware of her
Deficiency, and how her light had dimmed.
For when she saw her blemishes within
The light of the Pleroma, she then drew
Across her face a veil of darkness: she
No longer could return her consort's smile
Without deception, and be unabashed.
Her holy fear caused her to hover at
The gate of Truth, unable to go in.
For when her offspring in his arrogance
Had taken power from his Mother he
Was ignorant of any provenance
And thought her womb was all that there had been.
Infatuated with his handiwork,
He placed himself upon a pedestal,
An idol to his self. And so she turned;
And so was heard in her humility.

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